

Precious Time

by Rhiannon

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Summary: Yamato and Taichi think about one another...

Precious Time

"Precious Time"

>
 Author: Rhiannon

> Rating: Yaoi
 Summary: Yamato and Taichi decide to reveal their feelings to one another.

> Notes: This one is different from all the other frickin' Taito fics I've written cuz it's not entirely from Taichi's POV. (What can I say? I like Taichi alot...)

> "Precious Time"

> I don't want to argue about who is the victim,
 Because maybe we both got burned.

> I don't want to talk about who is the traitor,
 Because both of our loyalties turned.

> I don't want to fight about who is the liar,
 Because there's too many ways to lie.

> I don't want to hear about who is the winner,
 Becasue we both know it's a tie.

>
 He sat on a wooden stump, deep in thought. This time, he wasn't seperated from his group because of some evil monster or some stupid fight. No, this time he was alone because what he needed to do was think.

> The air was warm and still. The sky was bright and a clear violet. Perfect conditions for when you need to think...

> Cut it out! Drop it!
 Count me out, baby stop it!

> Life is too short,
 So why waste precious time?

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 So why waste precious time?

>
 That stupid Yamato. He thinks he's just soooo great! He just has to go and pick on me all the time. It's like he hates me, and no matter what I do, nothing changes.

> I once asked him why he hated me. He smirked and asked me why I'd think that. I told him that he didn't make it easier to think anything different. He shot a glare at me. I don't remember much of what happened next other than we began to fight- again. And I don't

mean argue, I mean fight.
 He's not completely selfish- in spite of the fact I'm sure I've called him it once or twice. Actually, he isn't selfish at all. What he is is obsessed with Takeru. He doesn't seem to think about anything that isn't related to his brother. Takeru's lucky- he gets all of Yamato's attention. He doesn't even care- all he cares about is proving what a big boy he is. If only Yamato would stop thinking about Takeru and pay attention to me...

> Nothing I do gets through to that, that jerk! All the looks, touches, words- they mean nothing to him. If I died in his frickin' name, he still wouldn't notice me.
 I asked Sora once about him bein' so dense. She laughed and said it was cute that I had a crush. I told her to shut up and get to the point. She then told me that maybe he isn't ready for me yet, isn't ready to have crushes.

> But it isn't a crush- I feel more than that for him. I can't explain it, it's just something overwhelming...My mother would tell onee-chan that when she found THE ONE, she'd know. I've found THE ONE- I know.
 He might be an insensitive bastard. I might- no, I do mean nothing to him. He hates me and probably- no, definitely would be happy if I died. You can't talk to him, you can't even say "hello" to him. But he's got this messy hair that you just wanna run your fingers through. And he's got this devil-may-care attitude that just so, so...sexy.

> Then there are his blue eyes- they leave so much more to wonder about. Yamato's one of those guys who seems like an open book. But there's so much more to him- much more than meets the eye.
 But I digress...It's just not fair. I want him more than anything, but he doesn't even know I'm alive.

> Do you know how hard it is for me not to reach out and kiss him? To not jump on him and grope him? To not be any more blatant in my feelings than I already am?
 I asked Mimi how to get his attention. She said to just tell him. Then she mentioned how cute it was that I had a crush. (Is it just me or do girls have a thing with guys and their crushes?)

> She thinks that it's that easy to lay your cards out, to wear your heart on your sleeve for some one who hates you. Maybe she's right, maybe I should tell him...
 Now, if I was any less than who I am, if I wasn't determined and didn't have goals, I'd give up on him. But I'm going to keep on trying. I can do it- at least, I'm going to die trying.

>
 You were on a liquid diet,

> You were sure you had to try it,
 And you lost all the pounds.

> The doctor's on vacation,
 So you took the medication,

> And wound up in lost and found.
 So we took that trip to Paris,

> Cuz you swore that it'd scare us
 Out of our swift decline.

> All that I remember about that day in September,
 Is the maison and the wine.

>
 Another boy, a blonde sat, watching a sleeping figure. He looked around, and noticing one of them was missing, sighed. He stared off into space, deep in thought.

>
 Cut it out! Drop it!

> Count me out, Baby stop it!
 Life is too short,

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> Have you ever had anyone who made you feel...different? And not the bad kind- like, incredible! That's the only way I can describe how he makes me feel.
 Who is he, anyway? He is a hyper, over-active, over-eager, selfish little brat. But he's also sensitive (once you

spell things out for him), caring and he means well (I suppose). And, I wish I could say he's more to me- but he isn't. Not yet, anyway. I wish I knew if he felt the same way. I mean, I doubt it, but one can hope, can't they? It's not like I deserve to have him. Especially with teh way I treat him.

> I try to be nice, I really do. But when I'm near him, something just comes over me and I'm a jerk.
 I've tried to tell him how I feel, dropped hints. He hasn't picked them up. He's an honest guy, he'd tell me if something's up. At least, I hope he would.

> One of these days, I'll gather up the courage and I'll tell him everything. But I'm scared- scared he doesn't feel the same way or that he doesn't. I'm scared that he'll break my heart.
 Even if I did tell him, he wouldn't believe me, anyway. It's not like I act like I feel. I just yell at him and be a jerk. It makes me feel terrible to see the hurt in his eyes whenever we fight.

> I wonder if anyone notices when we fight- that it's when my feelings come out in spades. I wonder if he notices. No, no, he wouldn't. No one pays attention to me. They just don't care.
 I used to think that at least Takeru cares, but now he only cares about being a big boy. I care about him, though. He thinks I baby him, but that's because I love him more than anything in the world. He's my brother, y'know?

> And that's where he comes back into the picture. He's the only one I've ever told about my home life and why I'm so protective over Takeru. I wonder if he knows that he is the only one I've ever opened up to...things I've told him, I've never told anyone.
 I'm open with him because he makes me feel safe- like, he'd never hurt me. I'm sure he will hurt me, but it's too late to go back now. Maybe that's why I'm so hard on him...

> I think that maybe it'll be okay if I tell him how I feel. He hasn't hurt me yet, and if he does- well, that's just a risk I'm going to have to take. Besides, when I tell him things, he usually is pretty nice.. Yes, that's what I'll do. He needs to know I don't hate him- I owe him that.

> You talk on the telephone,
 Long distance to New York or Rome.

> Some would say you got it made.
 Your home is like a fortress,

> No one comes in by the florist,
 The gardner and the maid.

> You call me on the telephone,
 You say you feel so alone, too tired to get dressed and get out.

> You say you're happy then you're sad, and somehow you always hang up
 And excuse me if I shout!

>
 The blonde got up and went to a nearby clearing, watching the brunette boy sit with his head in his hands.

> Tears welled up in the brunette's eyes and he began to weep. The blonde walked to him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Shhh...What- why are you crying, Taichi?"

> He sat up, wiping his face. "I dunno...it's be-because of you."
 He knelt down, facing the brunette's face. "Wh-what did I do?" His voice was soft and gentle.

> "I-I h- I'm in love with you, and you hate me." Tears fell upon his cheeks.
 The blonde held him to his chest, rocking him. "Shh...I don't hate you..."

> "Huh? I-I don't understand..." The blonde pressed his lips on the brunette's cheek, kissing away the tears.
 "I came to tell you that- that I care about you alot...You're very special to me. I don't mean to act like I hate you...It just sort of happens that way..."

> "Y-you don't?"
 The blonde shook his head. "I never did, and I

never could."

>
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> Count me out, Baby stop it!
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> ;_ ; That was sooo sappy!

End
file.